

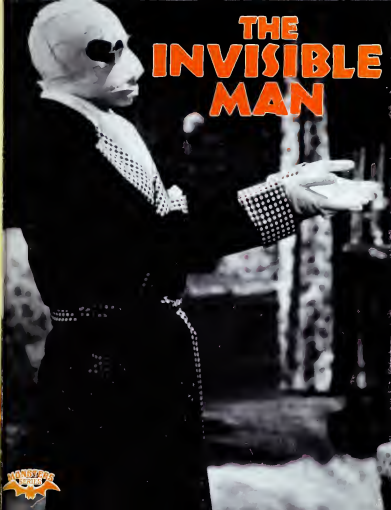
SANFORD & GREEN

THE INVISIBLE MAN

CRESTWOOD HOUSE



THE INVISIBLE MAN





Claude Rains



THE INVISIBLE MAN

BY WILLIAM R. SANFORD AND CARL R. GREEN
ADAPTED FROM A SCREENPLAY BY R.C. SHERIFF



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SUMMARY: A mysterious bandaged stranger in an English village turns out to be a mad scientist, who has discovered how to turn himself invisible and plans to take over the world.

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PROLOGUE

If they wish, writers can **make** you believe in ghosts, monsters, or vampires. Their books count on your imagination to make the impossible seem real.

Filmmakers have a more difficult task. If they want to film a monster, it's not enough to have an actor point offscreen and say, "Look, there's the werewolf!" The audience wants to **see** the werewolf. That's where the special effects experts come in. It's their job to bring monsters to life. Using camera tricks and special props, they can film almost anything a writer can imagine.

Back in 1933, writers gave the special effects crew at Universal Studios a real challenge. They wrote a script for a film called *The Invisible Man*. It was based on a novel by the British writer, H.G. Wells. But how do you show something you cannot see on the screen? The experts invented a couple of camera tricks that worked beautifully. In one great scene, Claude Rains (who played the title role) unwraps the bandages from his head — and there's nothing there!

If it sounds like fun to be invisible, take a look at what happened to Jack Griffin. It's 1933, and snow is falling . . .



A STRANGER ARRIVES AT THE INN

Heavy storm clouds darkened the sky over northern England. A sharp, cold wind blew the snow into waist-high drifts. Outside the Lion's Head Inn, the land lay silent except for a lone traveler. Head down to the wind, the man fought his way through the snow toward the inn.

Inside the Lion's Head, the townspeople were relaxing after the day's work. A few men were playing darts. Another group stood in front of the fire. They warmed their hands and caught up on the day's news.

The traveler entered the inn in a flurry of wind-driven snow. Everyone turned to look at him. He was wrapped up like an Eskimo. Even his face was completely covered. He was wearing a scarf, a pair of goggles, and a hat pulled down over his forehead.

His boots left wet footprints as he walked to the bar. "I want a place to stay, landlord," he said. "Make it a room with a private sitting room and a fireplace."

Mr. Hall, the landlord, looked at the traveler. Here was a strange one, indeed. "We don't have any rooms ready," he replied. "But we can set one up for you." He told his wife to take care of the man.

Jenny Hall led the stranger upstairs. As she made a fire, she tried to start a conversation. "It's the coldest winter in years," she said. "The sheep are freezing in the fields."

A strangely dressed man enters the inn in a flurry of wind and snow.

The stranger didn't say anything. Jenny held out her hand. "May I take your coat and hat, sir?" she asked.

"No, I prefer to keep them on," the man said in an angry voice. In a milder tone, he added, "Please send up my bags when they come from the station. I'll be staying for some time."

Jenny didn't like his looks, but she was happy to have a paying guest. "The station can't deliver your bags until tomorrow," she said. "The best I can do is to bring you some supper right away."

Downstairs, the locals had a new topic to talk about. One old farmer guessed that the stranger wore goggles to prevent snow blindness. His friend wasn't so sure. "Mark my words, the goggles are a disguise. He's an escaped criminal!" he whispered.

Jenny and the maid fixed the stranger a thick sandwich and Jenny carried it up to his room. The man was standing by the window.

"Is there a key to the door?" he asked. "I want to be left alone while I'm here."

"The key was lost long ago," Jenny said, "but I'll see that you're not disturbed." The promise was soon forgotten. When Jenny went back to the kitchen, the maid told her she'd forgotten the mustard.

Jenny ran up the stairs with the mustard pot. In her haste, she opened the door without knocking. The stranger was already eating. Quickly, he covered his mouth with his napkin.



The maid reminds Jenny she forgot the mustard for the man's sandwich.

"I told you not to disturb me!" he roared.

"I'm sorry," Jenny apologized. "I was only bringing you the mustard." Now that he'd taken off his hat, she could see that his head was covered with bandages. He was still wearing the goggles and gloves. "The poor man's been in an accident," she thought.

The stranger didn't lower his napkin until the door closed behind her. Then he took another bite of his sandwich. As he did so, a gaping emptiness showed where his mouth should have been.



WHERE IS DR. GRIFFIN?

The winter days dragged on. A month later, in a nearby town, Dr. Cranley was working in his laboratory. The famous scientist picked up a test tube and put it into a machine. While he was watching the test tube spin around, his daughter entered the room.

"Father, I must speak to you," the girl said.

"Flora, I wish you'd leave me alone when I'm working," Cranley grumbled.

Flora wouldn't be put off. "I can't go on doing nothing," she said firmly. "Jack's been gone a month now, and I'm terribly worried. Turn off that machine and listen to me!"

"Jack's note was quite clear," Dr. Cranley replied. "He said that we might not hear from him for a while. He may be my assistant, but it makes sense for him to be alone when he's finishing an experiment."

"What kind of experiment was he working on?" Flora asked.

"Actually, he never told me," Cranley admitted.

Flora's pretty face looked upset. "I've been having the oddest feeling — as though Jack is in terrible trouble," she said.

Another of Cranley's assistants entered the lab. "Hello, Kemp," Dr. Cranley said. "Flora's really worried about Jack Griffin."

Kemp nodded in agreement. "I'm not surprised.

Flora Cranley tells her father that Jack Griffin might be in trouble and she is worried.

It's odd that Jack hasn't written to tell us what he's doing. He should at least let us know when he's coming back."

Dr. Cranley tried to calm Flora, who was close to tears. "No, it's not so strange," he said. "He's a scientist, after all. If he's doing important work, it's okay with me."

"Did he have your okay to leave for four weeks?" Kemp demanded. He already knew that he hadn't. Dr. Cranley liked to keep a close watch on his assistants.

"I've got a car outside," Kemp said to Flora. "Let's go for a ride. You need to take a break from your worries."

Kemp's suggestion gave Flora an idea. "We could go to Jack's rooms," she said. "Maybe he left something there that will tell us where he's gone."

"I've been there. All he left was a pile of burned papers," Kemp replied.

Flora was thinking out loud. "Jack was so strange, those last few days," she said. "He was nervous and excited all the time. He wouldn't explain what was going on. That wasn't like him at all. Usually, he couldn't wait to tell me what he was working on and how his experiments were go—"

Kemp broke in. "Jack didn't share his work with others," he complained. "The whole world knows what your father has learned about preserving food.



Kemp tells Flora that Griffin was working on some secret experiments.

But Jack kept his notes locked up. He wouldn't take them out until he'd locked the outside door."

Flora turned away as Kemp took her hand. "Flora, good scientists don't need locked doors," he told her. "Believe me, Jack will never care for anything except his work. Let me tell you how I feel about you."

"Oh, leave me alone!" she said, pushing him away. "How can you say such mean things about Jack now that he's gone? I only wish I knew what he was doing right now."



Flora turns away when Kemp tells her Jack kept all his notes locked up.

THERE'S NOTHING UNDER THOSE BANDAGES!

Jack Griffin was the stranger who was staying at the Lion's Head Inn. At that moment, he was holding a test tube up to the light. "There must be a way back!" he said. His head was still bandaged, but dark glasses had replaced the goggles.

Jenny Hall knocked once and opened the door. "Come and get your lunch while it's hot," she called.

Griffin was so startled that he dropped the test tube. "Get out! You've spoiled a whole day's work!" he yelled. He slammed the door, knocking the tray out of Jenny's hands.

Jenny ran downstairs to find her husband. "It's bad enough that he's turned our best room into a chemist's shop," she told him. "Now he's spilling trays and frightening me out of my wits." She paused to catch her breath. "And what's worse, he's two weeks behind with his rent. Tell him to pay up and get out!"

Hall didn't want to face Griffin, but he knew Jenny was right. He went upstairs and demanded the rent.

"I have some money coming soon, Mr. Hall," Griffin said.

"That's what you said last week," Hall replied. "Look at this room. You've only been here a month, but you've already ruined the carpet. What's worse, you're driving our customers away with your smelly chemicals. You've got to go!"

"Please, let me stay just a little longer," Griffin begged.

Hall wouldn't listen. He picked up some books and put them into a box. "Leave those things alone!" Griffin yelled.

The landlord went on packing. Griffin completely lost his temper. He picked up a heavy book and knocked Hall out with a blow on the head. Then he dragged him into the hall and tumbled him down the steep stairs.



Angered by Landlord Hall's demands, Griffin hits him on the head with a book.

The sound of the fall brought people running from the bar. Jenny rushed to her husband and held his head in her lap. "The man isn't in his right mind. Call the police!" she yelled.

When Constable Jaffers arrived, a crowd followed him up to the stranger's room. Jaffers pushed the door open. "Come along to the station, peaceful like," he ordered.

"I'll give you one last chance to leave me alone," Griffin yelled. When Jaffers came closer, the scien-



Griffin laughs crazily when Jaffers tells him he's under arrest.



The villagers watch in amazement as a shirt dances around the room.

tist laughed loudly. "Do you really want to know what you're up against? Okay, I'll show you!"

Griffin pulled off his fake nose. Then he took off the dark glasses. Black, empty space showed where the nose and glasses had been. The crowd backed away. Still laughing, Griffin began to strip off the bandages.

"Look, he's all eaten away," Jaffers cried in amazement.

When the last bandage fell, Griffin's head wasn't there! The people turned and ran, taking Jaffers along with them.

The noisy, excited crowd gathered in the bar. Jaffers called for silence. "I think we have an invisible man up there," he said. "If we don't grab him before he takes off his clothes, we'll never find him!"

The constable led the bravest men back upstairs. When Jaffers looked into the room he felt faint. A shirt was dancing about as if it had a life of its own. Then it fluttered to the floor, and unseen hands threw Jaffers against the wall. Other men doubled over, struck by invisible punches.

A moment later, footsteps pounded down the stairs. The outside door opened and then slammed shut. In the courtyard, a bicycle left its rack and pedaled off by itself.

The constable phoned his report to Inspector Bird. "An invisible man, is it?" Bird laughed. "Next time I send you to the Lion's Head, Jaffers, stay away from the bar!"

KEMP MEETS THE INVISIBLE MAN

Flora finally had convinced Dr. Cranley that they should go search Griffin's rooms. "Maybe we'll find out where he's gone," Cranley told Kemp.

"I don't see any clues in here," Kemp said when they finished. "Griffin took all his papers and chemicals with him."

Dr. Cranley still was poking around in the fireplace. He turned over the ashes and found a few scraps of half-burned paper. "It seems to be a list of chemicals," Cranley said. "Wait! The last item on the list is monocaïne. That's a horrible drug!"

"I've never heard of it," Kemp said.



Dr. Cranley finds that Griffin has been experimenting with monocaïne.

"No one uses monacaine any more," continued Cranley. "It comes from a flower that grows in India. In its pure form, it draws the color from anything it touches. Years ago, scientists tried to use it as a bleach. They gave up after it destroyed every fabric it touched."

"That doesn't sound so terrible," Kemp said with a smile.

"That wasn't the worst of it," Cranley told him. "They also tried monacaine on animals. One shot turned a dog as white as a marble statue. It also made the poor creature raving mad. I pray that Griffin hasn't been fooling around with that stuff."

"Jack wouldn't touch it if it causes madness," Kemp said.

Dr. Cranley was still troubled. "He might not know!" he said. "I only happened to read about the experiment by chance. The report was in German, and the book is long out of print."

Cranley hurried off to tell the police that Griffin was missing. Kemp headed for his own home. After supper, he lit his pipe and turned on the radio. The announcer was telling about some villagers who swore they'd been fighting with an invisible man. Behind Kemp, the door slowly opened and closed.

The radio reporter was still talking. "Several people were hurt. They all claim they were struck by an invis—"

The radio turned itself off. A voice spoke, but Kemp didn't see anyone.

"Don't be afraid, Kemp," the voice said. "It's me, Griffin. I've come to visit, and I'm half frozen. Your fire's just what I need." A log rose from the wood-box and floated over to the fire.

Kemp jumped up and backed toward the door. As he did so, a poker flew off its hook and advanced toward him.

"Sit down, Kemp!" the voice ordered. "Do you want me to beat your brains out?" Kemp sat down, and the poker moved away.

"That's better. Now, I need food and sleep," the voice went on. "But first I want dark glasses and a long bandage. Go and get them for me."

When Kemp stood up, he felt a hand on his arm. "Oh, and bring pajamas, slippers, and a pair of gloves," the voice said. "Come on, move!" Kemp hurried off to obey Griffin's orders.

In a few minutes, he returned with a box of clothes and bandages. Griffin took the box. "I'll dress in the next room," he said. "Don't even think about calling the police. If you raise a finger against me, you're a dead man."

The box floated away and the door closed behind it. Kemp looked at the telephone. He reached for it, and then withdrew his hand. "What if he's still in the room?" he thought. There wasn't anything he could do. He sat down to wait.

GRIFFIN TELLS HIS STORY

Griffin returned to Kemp's study ten minutes later. He was wearing pajamas, gloves, and dark glasses. The bandages wrapped around his head made him look like a mummy.

"I started the experiments years ago," he told Kemp. "I had a thousand failures before I found a way to become invisible."

"But why did you run off?" Kemp asked.

"I couldn't stay here and let Flora see my flesh fading away," Griffin explained. "So I went off to a little village to work in secret. The job was only half done, you see. I had to find a way to make myself visible again."

"Why are you doing this?" Kemp asked.

"The drugs seemed to light up my brain," Griffin said. "Suddenly, I realized that an invisible man could rule the world!" Griffin smacked his gloved fists together. "That's where you come in, Kemp. I need a visible partner to help me."



Kemp discovers that the Invisible Man wants him to be his partner.

Kemp was silent. He was sure that his friend was mad.

"Together, we'll take over the country," Griffin was saying. "I'll start by killing a few government leaders. Then I'll wreck a train or two. First, however, we have another job. I want you to drive me to the village so I can pick up my notebooks."

Griffin warned Kemp not to try any tricks. "And put a blanket in the car," he said. "I can't wear any clothes when I'm invisible, and it's freezing out there."

At the Lion's Head, Inspector Bird was scolding the Halls. "I think you planned this whole thing," he said. "The excitement has been good for business, hasn't it?"

"Do you think I'd fall down the stairs to sell a few pints of beer?" Hall snapped.

"Bring in everyone who saw this so-called invisible man," Bird replied. "I'll get to the bottom of this!"

One by one, the villagers told their stories. Bird didn't believe any of them. He was sure they all had been drinking.

No one heard the car stop outside. Griffin told Kemp to wait in the courtyard. "I'll throw the notebooks out to you," he said.

Once he was upstairs, Griffin opened the window of his room. In his haste, he dropped a notebook on the floor. The villagers heard the noise and ran upstairs to see what was happening. Inspector Bird tried to call them back. "Come down here, you fools," he yelled. "There's no invisible man!"

By then, Griffin had thrown the last notebook out the window to Kemp. He decided to teach Bird a lesson. After he slipped past the crowd he found the inspector in the barroom. Bird looked up to see an inkwell floating toward him. All at once, it tilted and splattered him with ink.

"He's here! The invisible man's here!" Jenny screamed. The villagers pushed and cursed as they tried to escape through the same door. Invisible hands grabbed Bird by the throat.

"So, you're the one who says I don't exist!" a mad voice snarled. Griffin held Bird with one hand and used the other to hit him with a stool.

When Bird stopped moving, Griffin ran back to the car. "Drive for your life," he told Kemp. "I've just killed a policeman."

The car zoomed off into the darkness. Griffin's mad laugh sent shivers down Kemp's spine. "Tomorrow we'll really show the world what we can do," Griffin said.



Jenny and the maid are frozen with fear as they watch an inkwell take on a life of its own.



The villagers flee when the Invisible Man wrecks the Lion's Head Inn.



HOW DO YOU CAPTURE AN INVISIBLE MAN?

When they reached Kemp's house, Griffin put the bandages and pajamas back on. Then he explained some facts about being invisible. "I have to stay hidden for an hour after I eat," he said. "The food shows in my stomach until it's digested."

Kemp was dazed. An hour ago, he'd been safe in his own home. Now he was playing host to a madman!

Griffin enjoyed sharing his secrets. "I can only go out on clear days," he said. "In the rain, people can see the water on my head and shoulders. In the fog, I look like a bubble floating along. Dirt on my hands also gives me away."

"He's thought of everything," Kemp thought. He felt better when Griffin ordered him to his room so they could get some sleep.

Back in the village, the Chief of Detectives had taken charge of the manhunt. He marked off areas on a large map and ordered a search of each one.

"We'll have a thousand police and soldiers out tonight," the Chief said. "By tomorrow, we'll have ten thousand more. We're also offering a reward of a thousand pounds!" The Chief stared at each man in turn. "Remember, he's a madman and he's invisible," he warned. "For all we know, he could be standing beside us right now."

Just fifteen miles away, Kemp had his ear to Griffin's door. When he heard the sound of snoring, he quickly phoned Dr. Cranley.

"Dr. Cranley," he whispered, "Griffin is asleep upstairs. He's invisible, and he's gone mad like you said. I'm certain that he killed a policeman tonight."

"Stay calm and keep him quiet," Cranley advised. "I'll talk to him in the morning. He'll be easier to reason with once he's had a night's sleep. Our first task is to cure his invisibility."

Flora overheard her father talking to Kemp. "That call was about Jack, wasn't it?" she asked him.

"Yes," Cranley said, "he's at Kemp's house." He decided to tell her the rest of it. "Jack Griffin is the invisible man."

"Take me to Kemp's house," Flora demanded. "I'm the only one who can talk to Jack. You can't find a cure for him unless he works with you." She put on her coat. "I'll go alone if I must."

Dr. Cranley gave in. "Wait, I'll take you," he said.

At the local police station, the phones were busy. Every caller had an idea for catching the person now known as the "Invisible Man." One man told the police to squirt him with ink. Another said to wait for a frosty morning. Then they'd be able to see his breath in the air.

When the next call came, Inspector Lane couldn't believe what he was hearing. He almost hung up.

"The Invisible Man is asleep in my house," Kemp whispered. "Come at once. Hurry!"

Lane decided Kemp was telling the truth. "I'll need a hundred men to surround the house," he said. "I only have five here right now. We'll be there as soon as possible."

Kemp sat down to wait for the police. Then he heard a rap on his study door. "Who is it?" he asked. His hands were shaking.

"Let me in!" Griffin ordered.

"THE WORLD IS MY HIDING PLACE"

Somehow, Kemp thought, he had to stall until the police came. He let Griffin in. "I locked the door because I was afraid," he explained. "You'd be afraid, too, if I were invisible."

Griffin shook his bandaged head. "There's no need to worry, Kemp. We're partners, aren't we? Get some sleep. We have a busy day ahead—" He stopped as a car pulled into the driveway.

"So, you called the police!" Griffin charged.

Kemp looked out and saw a familiar car. "Look, it's Flora and Dr. Cranley," he said. "I had to tell them you were back. Flora was sick with worry."

"Let them in," Griffin said. He noticed that he didn't have his gloves on. "I'll go upstairs and get ready so I don't frighten her. Send Flora up in a few minutes — alone."

Kemp explained Griffin's orders to his visitors. Dr.



Kemp explained to Dr. Cranley and Flora that Griffin was insane.

Cranley didn't want Flora to see Griffin alone. "I tell you, he's insane," he told her. "I know you love him, but it's up to Kemp and me to cure him."

Flora wouldn't listen to her father. She gave him a quick, nervous smile and ran up the stairs.

Griffin seemed calm when he met Flora. "How beautiful you look," he said. "No, please don't cry. I did all this for you! Before, I was a nobody with nothing to offer you. Now, thanks to my discovery, I'll have wealth and power."

He saw her staring at his bandages. "Don't worry, I'll work out a way to become visible again," he promised her.

Flora begged him to let her father help. "He knows about monocaine," she said. "Jack, that drug is making you do terrible things. Let's fight this together."

Griffin's voice rose. "There's nothing to fight!" he



Flora begged Griffin to let her father help him.

cried. "I can go anywhere and do anything I like while I'm invisible. People will learn to obey me — or else!"

A dog was barking nearby. Griffin went to the window and saw police officers ringing the house. He cursed and ordered Flora to leave. When she refused, he pushed her toward the door.

"I trusted Kemp's word," he snarled. "But it doesn't matter. I'll defeat them all and then I'll come back to you. Don't worry. The whole world is my hiding place!"

After Flora left, Griffin ripped off his clothes and bandages. Then he went downstairs to find Kemp. He found him in front of a window, watching the police prepare their trap.



Outside the house, the police were preparing a trap for Griffin.

"I thought you were a true friend, Kemp." Griffin's voice was bitter. "I don't have time now, but I promise to kill you tomorrow night at ten o'clock. Even if you hide, I'll find you!"

Kemp looked around, but he couldn't see anything. He opened the window and shouted, "Help! He's here!"

The Invisible Man shoved Kemp aside and climbed out the window. He slapped one police officer and pinched another's nose. Wild, mad laughter rang out as the police grabbed at empty air. Inspector Lane's hat flew into a tree.

Lane didn't panic. "We've got him now," he shouted. "He's unarmed. Keep close together and don't let him escape."

Suddenly, a policeman spun around and flew through the air. Another tripped over an invisible foot. Strong hands pulled his pants off. The pants jumped up and ran crazily down the road with the police in hot pursuit.

THE INVISIBLE MAN TAKES HIS REVENGE

The police found the pants, but they couldn't catch the Invisible Man. Inspector Lane called in the Chief of Detectives.

The Chief wanted to know why the Cranleys were at Kemp's house. "I think you're keeping something from me," he told them.

Despite Flora's warning look, Kemp wouldn't keep quiet. "The Invisible Man is Dr. Cranley's assistant, Jack Griffin! He said he'd come back and kill me at ten o'clock tomorrow night."

The Chief looked worried. "I'll make sure you're safe," he told Kemp. "But right now, an invisible madman is roaming the countryside and I've got to find him."

Thousands of men joined the search the next morning. Armed with sticks and clubs, they swept across every square foot of countryside. Without warning, unseen hands picked up one man and threw him into a deep gravel pit. Other searchers heard his screams and came running. The Invisible Man pushed some more of them into the pit. The others dropped their clubs and ran.

Five minutes later, a flying lantern knocked out a railroad worker. Then the switch levers moved, changing the tracks to the wrong position. When an oncoming train hit the switch, the engine and a string of passenger cars jumped the tracks. The entire train tumbled into the lake below.

After that disaster, the Invisible Man invaded a bank. The customers saw a cash drawer float out of the teller's cage. Money flew in all directions. Peo-

ple rushed to pick it up. "That's the way the money goes, Pop goes the weasel!" sang a mad voice.

The radio gave the grim news. "Twenty members of the search party have been killed," the announcer said. "In another tragedy, a hundred people died when the Invisible Man wrecked a train."

At Kemp's house, the Chief of Police told his men to sweep the room with a net. He wanted to be sure the Invisible Man wasn't listening when he discussed his new plan.

"We have a chance tonight that may not come again," the Chief said. "Griffin said he'd murder Dr. Kemp at ten o'clock, and I think he'll try to carry out that threat. He'll probably be watching this house well before ten. So, at nine-thirty, Kemp is going to walk to the police station. Griffin will follow him, and then we'll spring our trap.

Kemp didn't like the plan. "You're going to use me as bait!" he protested. "I won't wait in the station. He'll kill all of you to get at me."

"There's a secret way out of the station," the Chief told Kemp. "You can leave disguised in a police uniform. That way, you'll be gone when he tries to break in. We'll bring you back here later. Then you can drive to a safe hideaway."

That night, the police carried spray guns. Once the black dye hit the Invisible Man, they'd be able to see him. Workers had also covered the station's wall with a layer of dirt. If the dirt moved, the police would know someone was there. It was a good plan, except for one thing: the Invisible Man was already inside the station. He was listening to every word they said.



Griffin was listening all the time the police planned Kemp's escape.

At nine-thirty, a police guard took Kemp to the station. He changed into a uniform and left by the secret exit. Ten minutes later, he was in his own car. "I'm heading for the mountains," he told the police as he drove away.

THE INVISIBLE MAN KEEPS HIS PROMISE

Kemp drove through the night. When he reached the mountains, he pulled over and checked his watch. "Ten o'clock," he said with a nervous laugh. "That's when he promised to murder me."

"I think this place will do nicely," a voice said from behind him. The back door opened and the voice moved to a spot next to Kemp's window. "I'm here to keep my promise," the Invisible Man chuckled. "You see, I went into the police station with you, Kemp. And I rode on the running board when they drove you home."

Kemp's heart almost stopped. "It's all a mistake!" he pleaded. "I want to help you, Jack." He tried to lock the car, but it was too late. The door flew open and something grabbed Kemp's shirt. His head banged against the car as he fell to the ground. Before he could move, a rope wound itself around his hands and feet. Invisible hands threw him into the back seat.

The motor started and the car drove swiftly along the mountain road. "I'm afraid there's going to be a nasty accident in a few minutes," Griffin said. He sounded pleased with himself.

"Don't kill me!" Kemp screamed. "I'll do anything you say."

"You will? That's fine," Griffin said. "Just stay where you are. I'll get out and release the hand brake. You'll have a thrilling ride — until you hit the rocks at the base of the cliff."

Kemp tugged at the ropes, but they were too

tight. Griffin's mad laughter echoed in his ears. "Goodbye, Kemp," the voice said.

The car rolled downhill, gathering speed. It broke through a railing and plunged down the steep hillside. Kemp screamed once as the car smashed into some rocks and burst into flames.

At the police station, the Chief was watching the clock strike eleven. His trap hadn't worked. "We'll just have to try something else," he said wearily. "The first job is to find the Invisible Man. Maybe we'll get lucky. After all, he has to eat and sleep."

The Invisible Man was cold and tired. As he walked out of the mountains, he saw a barn. "That looks like a good place to get some sleep," he thought. The farm was quiet when he slipped into the barn and made a bed in the hay.

The farmer woke up at four o'clock to do his chores. Snow was falling and he shivered as he went out to the barn. When he went inside, he heard someone snoring. He found the spot the snoring was coming from, but he couldn't see anyone in the hay. Maybe it was the Invisible Man!

The excited farmer drove to the police station. When he arrived, everyone was pleased with the heavy snowfall. Now, wherever the Invisible Man went, they'd see his footprints.

"Excuse me, sir," the farmer said to Inspector Lane. "I know this sounds foolish, but I heard snoring in my barn. It's the Invisible Man, as sure as I'm standing here."

The farmer told Inspector Lane that he thought the Invisible Man was sleeping in his barn.



Lane passed on the news to the Chief. "The farmer may be imagining things," the Chief said, "but we won't take any chances. Lane, tell your men to surround the barn. Then we'll try to force him out into the snow so we can see his tracks."

The Chief snapped his fingers. "There's only one way to do it," he said. "Set fire to the barn! That will drive him out."

DEATH IS THE ONLY CURE

Dawn was still an hour away. The police parked their cars and bicycles well away from the farm. As silently as hunters stalking a deer, the men surrounded the barn. The farmer led the Chief to a spot where they could watch the barn door.

"The barn doesn't have any windows," the farmer said. "He couldn't have seen us coming. And look at the snow! There's only one set of footprints — the ones I made an hour ago. I think he's still asleep under a pile of hay."

"If you're right, you've won a big reward," the Chief said. "We'll also build you a new barn." He called his assistants together. "The snow might melt when the sun comes up. Set fire to the barn right now!"

The fire squad brought up gasoline and wood. They walked to the barn in single file so as not to leave extra tracks. When all was ready, the Chief gave a signal. A spotlight flooded the barn with light as an officer threw a match into the gasoline.

The old wooden barn caught quickly. Heavy smoke rose above the hungry flames. For a few minutes, nothing happened. Then the barn door swung open. Through his binoculars, the Chief saw a line of footprints appear in the snow.

"There he is!" the Chief shouted. He raised his pistol and fired. For a long moment, the footprints kept coming. The flames crackled in the silence.



The police surrounded the barn and set it on fire to force the Invisible Man out.



The police chief slowly reached out to touch the Invisible Man.



All at once, the footprints stopped. The outline of a body appeared in the snow. The Chief ran to the spot, pistol ready. Looking down, he saw nothing but a patch of packed-down snow. Slowly, he reached out. He was surprised when his fingers touched the bare skin of the Invisible Man. The Invisible Man could be felt, but not seen!

An ambulance carried Griffin to the hospital. The Chief called Dr. Cranley and asked him to help treat the invisible patient. An hour later, the hospital doctor came out of the room. "He's very near death," he said. He saw Dr. Cranley waiting with the Chief. "Dr. Cranley, he's asking for your daughter."

"She's waiting downstairs," Dr. Cranley replied. "Is there any chance he'll survive?"

"As best I can tell, the bullet hit both lungs. Since we can't see to operate, we can't repair the damage." The doctor hesitated. "Do you think your daughter could bear to visit him? I'm afraid the end may be terrible to see. His body will become visible as his life drains away."

Dr. Cranley knew that Flora would want to be with the man she loved. "I'll take her to him now," he promised.

When Flora entered the room, the bed looked empty. Then she saw the shape of Griffin's body under the blankets. When she reached the bed, a hand gripped her arm.

"I knew you would come, darling Flora," a voice said. "I wanted to come back to you, but I failed. I'm

sorry I hurt so many . . ." Griffin's voice faded away. His breathing stopped.

"Father, come quickly!" Flora cried. Dr. Cranley hurried forward and put his arms around his weeping daughter.

A mist was gathering on the pillow. Slowly, it took the shape of a human head. As it became solid, the face of Jack Griffin appeared. His eyes were closed.

"Now we know," Dr. Cranley thought. "Death is the only cure for invisibility."

THE END

MONSTERS



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MY FRIENDS!

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GODZILLA
KING KONG
THE MUMMY
FRANKENSTEIN
MAD SCIENTISTS
THE WOLF MAN
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